

The following text was written by Alice Mae (Curtis) Lund and read by her at the Griswold Reunion, August 19, 1981:

"John Griswold was born in Granville, Hampshire Co. Mass. in 1754, and died Oct. 16, 1843. He served in the Continental Army, from which he was honorably discharged. In Oct. 1790 or 91, he was married to Elizabeth Crittenden. Six sons were born to them, John, Francis, Orin, Sumner, Horace and Sedate. They moved to Clinton in 1813 and settled on the higher ground, near (south) where the Moosic Grange now stands. (Behind the Alex Grunski house), where stones from the house foundation could be seen some years ago. John's son Francis carried the line to our forebears. Francis married Jane Loomis and to them eight children were born Lewis, Laura, Oliver, Helen, Louisa, Nathan, Alvin and Homer. Louisa Griswold married Henry Banning Curtis Apr. 21, 1851. Eleven children were born to them, Elizabeth, Francis, William, Harriet, George & Augusta (twins), Laura, Arthur and Amanda, two died in early childhood. John Griswold had the homestead at Curtis Valley built by Levi Bennett for his son Francis in 1819, who kept the cold spring tavern, so named from the supply of never-failing cold water from a spring on the mountain. This same water supply flows into the homestead to this day. The water was run from the spring in hand made pipe logs, which were replaced in my memory. Pipe logs were again installed but these were machine made. Buildings which surrounded the home have pretty much disappeared, so this part of the story will be from memory. On the corner of the North and South turnpike and the Forest City road, stood the barn for stabling cattle, oxen and horses for the drovers and travelers. At the left of the entrance were two horse stalls, in front of them, tie stalls for oxen, back of which were more horse stalls, I believe six stalls. Hay was stored in the loft and the space downstairs aside from stalls was for the storage of vehicles. Toward Forest City stood the pig pen, a two story building, the downstairs part contained the pig pens, and upstairs was partitioned off for poultry. Turkeys were always a part of the landscape, the big toms striking terror into the heart of a small child, but we had our revenge when the old fellow was served on the platter at the Thanksgiving dinner. Next to the pig pen stood the carriage house for the storage of family vehicles. This building still stands. The